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RE-BUILDING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The brisk gale which brought us torrents of rain on Sunday night, brought, also, comforting assurance to the public that a probable danger was past, for the back wall of the Academy of Music crumbled to pieces before the force of the wind, and not one brick was left standing upon the other. This will surely necessitate the pulling down of the side walls, which were generally considered, or rather felt, by the public to be unsafe, and the resuscitation of the Academy with the old walls left standing, would have engendered a ceaseless feeling of insecurity and distrust in the minds of every visitor to the opera. On the Saturday previous, Mr. Kingsland was notified by the proper official that seventy-five feet of the Fourteenth street wall must be torn down, as it was considered to be unsafe. This precautionary order was justified within the period of twenty-four hours by the falling of the rear wall, which gave evidence of its real weakness.

The result of this accident and this order will again change the managerial programme, by the delay in rebuilding the Academy, which must necessarily ensue. If the old walls could have been used, the Academy could have been ready for occupation by the first of November. But now, supposing the utmost diligence is used, the operation of raising vast walls is so tedious that the earliest moment to be counted on for the completion of the opera house, is the first week of February, 1867. This will deprive Maretzek's fine company of an appearance in New York for nearly five months. How that enterprising manager will fill up this period, outside of New York, we are at a

loss to imagine, for this city is the permanent harvest, and all other places are subsidiary and uncertain granaries for supplies. New York cannot afford to be left without an opera for so long a time, for it affords to a large and influential class its only means of public amusement, and cannot therefore be dispensed with.

Mr. A. T. Stewart has it in his power to afford a temporary location for our operatic company. The Theatre recently known as Lucy Rushton's, could be extended and altered in three months, to such an extent as to afford sufficient accommodation for operatic purposes, and also for the New York Philharmonic Society, which is, like the dove on the waters of Ararat, lacking a resting place. The cost would not be very great, and as such a building is really needed, exclusive of Italian opera, both for English opera and for star engagements, the speculation would not only prove a paying one, but would be a generous and graceful act of accommodation to the public. The prestige which its occupation by the Italian opera would give to the building, would establish its reputation at once, and double the value of the property. The opera is the pet amusement of the fashionable world; it is the one subject which sustains the small talk of the salons, affording a fruitful and endless theme for criticism and discussion, representing the light artillery which keeps up a continual discharge of conversation, giving spice to what else might flag to dullness. Besides this, it gives an extraordinary impulse to certain branches of trade, in which hundreds of persons are employed, and distributes, with liberal hand, the superfluity of wealth, which would otherwise be locked up, having no other channel of circulation.

This suggestion is well worthy of consideration for many reasons. First, because it is a great public want, and should be provided for; secondly, because it can be easily accomplished and at comparatively little cost; thirdly, because it is an enterprise which will pay well; fourthly, because, in addition to an Italian Opera House, we need a permanent American Opera House, where works in our own language can be constantly heard, and where our American composers can have some chance of having their works produced. An American Opera House will assuredly become an established fact in the city, before very long. The progress of musical thought in this country, displaying as it does native talent of a high order, which, in its works, will probably be excluded from the repertoire of Italian opera here, as in other countries, imperatively demands it, and the sooner some steps are taken in that direction, the better it will be for the cause of true art, and the development of our home genius.

For these reasons we urge the consideration of our suggestion, which is in the direct line

with the public wish, and the public's necessity.

ENGLISH OPERA—FRENCH THEATRE.

On Wednesday night, the 13th inst., Balfe's opera, "The Rose of Castile," was produced by the English Opera Company to a large and fashionable audience. The plot is feeble and improbable, and is not very interesting because of its improbability. The music must be characterized as flimsy, patchy, and not earnest. There is not one serious passage in it, although the action deals with foul plots and treasons. The music is chiefly sustained by orchestral figures, into which the words are embroidered with but very little ceremony or regard as to the elocution or accent. There are two or three ballads which are melodious and well-made and are quite effective, being the popular numbers in the opera. The real want of this music is spontaneity; the author has, in a great degree, written out his special vein; the ideas do not flow as freely as usual, and when they are caught, he does not seem to be able to retain them, but wanders off into inconsequent modulations, with the sole view, apparently, of getting out of one key, to return to it again, in the same inconsequent manner. There are some pieces which are characteristic, clever and spirited. The first chorus has a national ring to it, and the duet which succeeds, exhibits some clever counterpoint, and was well sung by Miss Richings and Miss Zelda Harrison. The subject of the Muleteer's song, for orchestra is good, to which the vocal accompaniment is by no means pleasantly arranged. The tenor ballad, "Couldst Thou, dear Maid," commences with a very charming, quaint old theme, a really beautiful thought, but it is only half carried out, and a modern ending gives it an unexpected and not fortunate close. The duet for soprano and tenor is flimsy in the beginning, and intensifies in flimsiness with every measure. The trio for tenor and two bases is a curiously composed work, but its rhythm is effective. It was well sung by Messrs. Wylie, Campbell and Seguin. The quartette, "In every Feature like the Queen," is one of the cleverest compositions in the opera. It is well constructed, dramatic, and is well adapted to the words. The movement at the words "If she thinks to outbrave me" is exceedingly charming, and only fails in its exaggerated close. The following aria for Soprano is brilliant and characteristic. The finale to the first act is very weak indeed, the movement "Farewell bright dream" being a painful example of overstrained modulation.

The opening chorus to the second act is, to say the least, curious, while the following bass solo presents a most inauspicious wedding of music to words. Don Pedro's ballad "Though fortune darkly" is pleasant in form and sweet in melody, and was very effectively sung by Mr. Campbell, winning the honor of an encore. Elvira's ballad "The Convent Cell" is quietly and simply beautiful, and is certainly the melodious gem of the opera, and was very sweetly sung by Miss Richings. The duo for